

1st

MEMENTO MORI

A N

E L E G Y,

On the Death of the late
King J A M E S,

Who departed this Life, at his Pallace of *St. Germans* in *France*, on
Wednesdny the 3^d of *September* 1701, in the 68th Year of his Age.
8. Sept. 1701

WHAT rumour's this, as does our Ears amuse?
Strange Tidings now approaches in our News,
The late King *James* who once Rul'd this our Isle,
Is now Departed in a Foreign Soil:
Such News was brought before it was decreed,
But now alas, that Prince is Dead indeed;
Whose Native Land is Mourning his past Fate,
Because his Life was so Unfortunate:
Alway's perplex'd, most sad unkind his Stars,
His Peace Envy'd, unfortunate his Wars:
Flatter'd by Foes, deceiv'd by bosom Friends,
Dark Clouds of Fate his Youth and Age attends;
Fortune in various shapes did smile and frown,
He had his Cross on Earth, as well as Crown:
Mislead by Friends, impos'd upon by Foes,
He soon Three Kingdoms and his Crown did lose:
By Evil Counsel was this Prince undone,
The fault in others, not to much his own:
His Royal Father felt the stroke of Fate,
And lost his Life, at his own Pallace Gate;
Such turns of State, us Mortals may convince,
Uncertain Fate attends the greatest Prince.
Then who'd be proud if Kings thus stoop to Fate,
The best of Men's not always Fortunate;
The faultless Man if any such their be,
Is not exempt from Fates unkind decree;
The patient *Job*, severely felt the Rod,
His Crosses many, tho in Peace with God:
And righteous *David*, King of great renown
He bore the Cross, as well as wore the Crown;
And tho esteem'd, as after God's own Heart
In Sorrow and Affliction had his part:
No sooner was his happy Reign begun,
But was Afflicted by a Wicked Son.
So 'tis no rule, where Troubles do commence,
That such a one is bad by Consequence:
No! Evil Men sometimes they flourish most,
As we too often find it to our Cost.

There's scarce a Mortal ever yet drew Breath,
But had their failings while they Liv'd on Earth;
The most precise, if all their Faults were known,
Are ten times greater than themselves wou'd own:
Then Princes can expect no better Fate,
When once they fall from high degrees of State;
When Earthly Smiles, are turn'd into a Frown,
All lend their Hands to help the sinking down,
This was found true when Great *James* lost the Crown.
But as I'm told he did not count it loss,
He gained Heaven, by that Earthly Cross:
Ah! happy loss, that brings such lasting gains,
Instead of Earthly, Heavenly Crown obtains:
Such blest rewards, of purest Love Divine,
Make's Earthly Princes, Saints in Heaven shine:
His Pious Soul with sweet repenting Breath,
And like a Lamb he mildly left the Earth:
He freely did foregive all Worldly wrongs,
All Scandals, Malice, and abusive Tongues:
His worst of Foes, he frankly did forgive,
And pray'd for them, as long as he did Live.
Adieu great Prince, thy Troubles now are o're,
No Earthly sorrow thou shalt see no more.

The EPITAPH.

Here Lyes the Prince, was once Great Britains King,
He's laid in Dust, by Death's most fatal Sting:
A Prince whose Life, was full of Toiles and Cares;
But little comfort, when in Peace or Wars:
His very Friends, when he stood most in need,
They left him helpless as the Fates decreed:
The most refined Mould is yet but Dust,
And unto Earth return again it must.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N, Printed by *J. Wilkins*, near *Fleet-street*, 1701.